Oth. Let me ſee your eyes--looke in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function miſtriſſe,
Leaue procreants alone, and ſhut the dore,
Coſſe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your miſtery, your miſtery: nay diſpatch. *Exit* Em.
Deſ. Vpon my knees, what does your ſpeech import?
I vnderſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, ſweare it, dam thy ſelfe,
Leaſt being like one of heauen, the diuells themſelues
Should feare to ceaſe thee, therefore be double damb'd,
Sweare thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. O *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Deſ. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occaſion of thoſe teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
Why I haue left him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd
All kindes of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome part of my ſoule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorne,
To point his ſlow vnmouing fingers at--oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,

The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dryes vp, to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Deſ. I hope my noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Oth. O I, as ſummers flies, are in the ſhambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou blacke weede, why art ſo louely faire?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete, that the ſence akes at thee,
Would thou hadſt ne're bin borne.
Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this moſt goodly booke,
Made to write whore on? --- What, committed?
Heauen ſtops the noſe at it, and the Moone winkes,
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſht within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't: --- what committed,- impudent ſtrumpet.
Deſ. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaued. *Enter* Emillia.
Oth. Iſt poſſible?
Deſ. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: you miſtriſſe,
That haue the office oppoſite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?